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## THE HILLSDALE WHIG STANDARD.

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### When I am Old.

When I am old—old and old how soon  
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon;  
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light  
Be shrouded in the solemn night,  
Till like a story well told  
The old man's life is told.  
When I am old this breezy earth  
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;  
The streams will have an undertone  
Of sadness, not by right their own  
And Spring's sweet power in vain unfold  
Its rosy charms when I am old.  
When I am old I shall not care  
To deck with flowers my faded hair;  
'Twill be no vain desire of mine,  
In rich and costly dress to shine;  
Bright jewels and the brightest gold  
Will charm me not when I am old.  
When I am old my friends will be  
Old and infirm and bowed, like me,  
Or else, their hearts "neath the sod,  
Their spirits dwelling safe with God;  
The old church bell will have tolled  
Above their rest, when I am old.  
When I am old I'd rather bend  
Than sadly o'er each buried friend,  
Than see them lie in the earth  
That marks the friendship of our youth,  
'Twill be so sad to have them cold  
Or strange to me when I am old.

### Selling a Fellow.

BY ALPHABETICAL PROGRESSION.

Last summer while engaged in the tobacco and cigar business, I intended to have for a customer in cheap cigars one of those knowing fellows whose knowledge serves better to bore his victims than advancing science. You couldn't make him believe that—oh, no! Tell him they were regular cigars that cost \$40 per thousand—it might do to stuff down the throats of those who know no better; he was none of them. And so it was with everything; he always knew best. It always appeared to be his delight to draw me into some controversy, no matter what the subject, in order to hear himself hold forth. I tried every way I could think of to circumvent him, and at length I did succeed in laying him out as flat as a board.  
It was on Saturday afternoon, he came in, made his purchase, and seated himself, to deal me out his usual portion; but I was awake for him.  
"Captain," said I, "I have made up my mind to go to California, and if you wish to go into a speculation, now is your time."  
"As how?" said he.  
"Why, you see them fifteen boxes of cigars, well, there are two hundred and fifty in each box, and I will let you take them all."  
"Very well," said my friend, "let's hear the conditions."  
"You give me one cent for the first box, two cents for the second, four cents for the third, and so on double up on every box."  
"Done!" said he, "fetch on your cigars."  
"Spoke you think I haven't money enough?"  
"Not at all, so let's proceed; here's the first box."  
He drew from his pocket a leather purse, and out of it a handful of coin.  
"And here's your cent," said he, depositing a green discolored copper on the counter.  
"Here's your second box."  
"And here's your two cents."  
"Very well; here's your third box."  
"And here's your four cents," said he, chuckling.  
"Here's your fourth box."  
"Exactly. And here's your eight cents! Ha! ha! ha! old fellow—go on."  
"Here's your fifth box," said I, handing down another.  
"And here's your sixteen cents."  
"And here's your sixth box."  
"And—ha! ha! ha!—here's your thirty-two cents."  
"Here's your seventh box."  
"And here's—ha! by Jove the joke is getting too rich—here's your sixty-four cents, and nearly half your cigars are gone."  
"Here's your eighth box," said I, assuming a cool indifference that perfectly astonished the fellow.  
"And here's your dollar and twenty-eight cents."  
"Here's your ninth box."  
"And here's your—let me see—ah! two dollars and fifty-six cents."  
"And here's your tenth box."  
Here he drew his wallet thoughtfully and on the slate made a small calculation.  
"And here's your five dollars and twelve cents."  
"Here's your eleventh box."  
"And here's your—twice five is ten, twice twelve is twenty-four—ten dollars and twenty-four cents."  
At this stage of the game he had got quite doleful, and I continued—  
"Here's your twelfth box; hand over twenty dollars and forty-eight cents."  
Here the globules of perspiration, large as marrow fat peas, stood out in bold relief on his face, but at length he doled out the sum.  
"Here's your thirteenth box—fork over your forty dollars and ninety-six cents."  
"At this crisis he looked perfectly wild. The sweat was pouring off him in streams and the tobacco juice was running out of his mouth.  
"F-o-r-t-y—n-i-n-e-t-y—s-i-x. If I do I do, but if I do I do—"  
And taking his pile into his hat, he crashed it on his head, and made his exit at a rate of speed altogether unheard of; and I have never seen him near enough to speak to him from that day to this.—[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

### California News.

**SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.**—Since the departure of the mail steamer on the 1st of the present month, the only event of importance which has transpired in our city has been the trial, conviction and execution of a felon known as Jim Stuart, by the Vigilance committee, a body of citizens of the highest respectability and standing in society. He was tried for a multiplicity of offenses, and by his own confession, voluntarily made, was a villain of the most desperate character. He was hung about 2 o'clock on Friday, the 11th inst., at the end of Market Wharf, in the presence of several thousand citizens. In Sacramento, Marysville, Stockton, and elsewhere the citizens have felt themselves compelled to act in their own behalf, the law having proved so inadequate in themselves, and their administration by the properly constituted authorities so lax.

The Indians are still troublesome in Sacramento, and refuse to come in at the one of the Indian Commissioners, is at Benicia, preparing to prosecute his mission in the region of the Klamath and Trinity rivers. Col. Barbour is in the vicinity of Los Angeles, intending to visit again the Indians in the Tulare Valley, who have recently exhibited a disposition to break their treaty of peace and amity. The Commission are totally without funds and utterly unable to prosecute their mission to a successful issue without additional supplies.

In Sacramento City, a most aggravated highway robbery was committed on the 9th inst., in broad daylight. Impatient of the law's delay, the people, by their united expression, induced the court and lawyers selected to defend the prisoner, to go into a trial immediately, and at last accounts, one of the party was before the court on trial.

The intelligence from the mines continues to be extremely encouraging, and a general spirit of contentment seems to prevail among the miners.

The effects of the late fire in this city are yet perceptible, but the energy and enterprise of our citizens appear to be unabated. The burned district, although not entirely rebuilt, is pretty thickly studded with tenements of all descriptions, and brick and stone buildings of the most substantial character, are in process of erection in all parts. For the particulars of events which have transpired since the 24th inst., we must refer to other portions of this day's paper.

**THE EXECUTION OF STUART.**—About 9 o'clock, yesterday morning, the tapping of the bell of the Monumental Engine Company's house, in the Plaza, attracted the attention of our citizens, known as it was to be a signal of the Vigilance Committee. People soon began to throng down in the direction of the committee room, and it was reported that James Stuart was to be hung. The bell tolled for about half an hour, when a number of guns were fired from a brig in the harbor and it was observed that many of the vessels had their flags displayed; and it was afterwards learned that the committee had requested this. By ten o'clock, two or three thousand people had gathered, and appeared to be quietly waiting with the expectation of seeing somebody hung. The committee in the mean time, were passing in and out, and it was evident that something was in progress inside. Everything was conducted, however, with so much secrecy, that it was known to but very few, if any outside, what was really going on, and many, after waiting an hour or two, went away with the supposition that nothing would occur. About half past one, some one came out of the committee room, and read a portion of the confession which Stuart had made; and it was stated that he would be hung in an hour. The crowd, sanctioned this proposition almost unanimously. The news spread and a large crowd soon gathered. About half past two o'clock, the committee came down stairs and formed, three abreast. There were nearly a thousand of them, principally composed of our oldest, best known, and most prominent citizens, merchants, mechanics, bankers, and business men of every description. Previous to this a clergyman had been sent for, who remained with Stuart some time.

The procession moved up Battery street, proceeded and followed by the crowd, with Stuart handcuffed and pinioned, near their centre. There was no noise, no outcry, no apparent excitement, and there was something awfully solemn in the measure. The procession upon the plank track. When the procession reached Market street, and it was perceived that they were about turning down, a rush was made to secure good places, and some time before the prisoner arrived, every box, bale and barrel had its occupant. The decks and rigging of the vessels lying around the wharf, was one perfect sea of heads. A gallows of plain up-rights and a cross beam had been erected, a block with a rope in it, with the noose ready made. On the way down Stuart appeared perfectly cool and collected, and not at all excited. When he reached the gallows the rope was placed around his neck, and with the exception of a slight paleness, there was no change in his appearance, no trembling, no agitation. He appeared to feel satisfied with his sentence, and did not desire to live longer. The resemblance between Stuart and Burdoo was most striking, and it is not at all strange that one should have been taken for the other. The immense crowd remained breathless; and Stuart, when under the gallows, said—"I do reconsecrate—my sentence is just." The rope was pulled, and in a moment he was dangling in the air. As he went up, he closed his eyes and clasped his hands together. He had previously requested that his face might not be covered. He scarcely gave a struggle, and although the knot was on the back of his neck, appeared to be in but little pain. A slight contraction of the lower limbs, and a strained heaving of the chest for a moment, were all the symptoms of approaching death. After hanging about five minutes, his hat blew off, and exposed to view the ghastly features of the robber. When he had hung about 20 minutes, he was cut down by Coroner Gallagher, placed in a boat, and taken to the first district police station house.

There was no attempt made at a rescue by the authorities, and many persons in the city, knew nothing of the affair till it was over. It was conducted with the greatest order and quiet. Heaven grant that it may have a salutary effect. Stuart was arrested by Vigilance Committee about a week since. He was found removing some stolen trunks,

and was tried before the Committee, for the murder of Moore, and upon a variety of other charges. It is said that he has made some disclosures that tend to criminate a number of men in this city whose characters have previously stood fair, and that has given the Committee clues that will enable them to break up the organized banks of villains in this State.—[Alta California, July 17th.

**FROM THE MINES.—THE WHITE QUARTZ RIVER DIAMONDS.**—Some four or five months since several Frenchmen came into Mariposa and communicated to their friends that they had discovered very rich gold mines about forty miles east of Los Angeles, on White Quartz River. A number of their countrymen sent out a party to prospect and learn the extent and richness of the mines. They returned and made a very favorable report, saying that they had prospected twelve or fifteen miles, and found it would yield a rich reward for their labor.

Upon that, a company of two hundred French and one hundred Americans started for the mines. The Frenchmen were some of them in good mercantile business and men of standing. They led the party. There are several gentlemen here direct from Mariposa country, and they stated that this party has again sent back to their friends, and some of their messengers have shown pounds of the "ore." As may be expected, there is a perfect rush from the mines in Mariposa to that place. It has been represented to us that the coarse and fine gold globules are likely to be depopulated.

**TOLUENE.**—The miners on the Toluene are doing well, and they anticipate a good season, as the river is low and falling fast. What they want. At Oak Flat there is an abundance of water, and good wages are made by the miners. At camp Seco there is a very little water—the yield is fair. At Shaw's Flats the dirt is hauled several miles and the yield is good after all expenses. Some have sunk immense wells and are using pumps by horse power; indeed, all the diggings in this part of the country amply remunerate, where there is water sufficient.

There is a project now on operation by a company for bringing water from the Stanislaus river, a distance of about twenty miles to supply the place now without water; if done within two months it will no doubt pay the company.

**THE NEVADA.**—The Sacramento Union learns from Major Henry P. Sweetser, that gold has been recently discovered upon one of the highest summits of the Nevada range. The story goes that the ledge is 200 yards from a point 9000 feet above the level of the valley, and is near the Truckee trail, within 25 miles of Grass Valley. The yield of the ore is said to be 14 lbs. to the pound.

**NELSON'S CREEK.**—At Nelson's creek, between the Yuba and Feather rivers, there are very rich dry diggings, according to the *Mayville Herald*. They are situated upon the summit of a ridge, nearly 500 feet above the ravine of Feather river, and the gold is so coarse as to enable men to make good wages by picking it out. Men are said to have made \$500 a day with a rocker where water could be obtained.

### From the N. Y. Courier & Enquirer.

#### Decisive Battles of the World.

The Decisive Battles of the World, those of which, to use Hallam's words, "a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes," are numbered as fifteen by Professor Creasy, who fills the chair of Ancient and Modern History in the University of London. They are the grand subject of two volumes by him, just from Bentley's press. These battles are:

1. The Battle of Marathon, fought 490 B. C., in which the Greeks under Themistocles defeated the Persians under Darius, thereby turning back a tide of Asiatic invasion, which also would have swept over Europe.
2. The Battle of Syracuse, 412 B. C., in which the Athenian power was broken, and the West of Europe saved from Greek domination.
3. The Battle of Arbela, 331 B. C., in which Alexander, by the defeat of Darius, established his power in Asia, and by the introduction of European civilization, produced an effect which as yet may be traced there.
4. The Battle of Metaras, fought 207 B. C., in which the Romans under Consul Nero defeated the Carthaginians under Hasdrubal, and by which the supremacy of the great Republic was established.
5. The Victory of Arminius, A. D. 9, over the Roman Domination.
6. The Battle of Châlons, A. D. 451, in which Aetius defeated Attila the Hun, the self-styled "Scourge of God," and saved Europe from entire devastation.
7. The Battle of Tours, A. D. 732, in which Charles Martel, by the defeat of the Saracens, averted the Mahomedan yoke from Europe.
8. The Battle of Hastings, A. D. 1066, in which William of Normandy was victorious over the Anglo-Saxon Harold, and the result of which was the formation of the Anglo-Norman nation which now is dominant in the world.
9. The Battle of Orleans, A. D. 1429, in which the English were defeated and the independence of France secured.
10. The Defeat of the Spanish Armada, A. D. 1588, which crushed the hopes of Papacy in England.
11. The Battle of Blenheim, A. D. 1704, in which Marlborough, by the defeat of Tallard, broke the power and crushed the ambitious schemes of Louis XIV.
12. The defeat of Charles XII. by Peter the Great at Pultowa, A. D. 1709, which secured the stability of the Muscovite Empire.
13. The Battle of Saratoga, A. D. 1777, in which Gen. Gates defeated Gen. Burgoyne, and which decided the fate of the American Revolutionists, by making France their ally and other European powers friendly to them.
14. The Battle of Valmy, A. D. 1792, which the Continental Allies, under the Duke of Brunswick, were defeated by the French under Dumouriez, without the French Revolution would have been stayed.
15. The Battle of Waterloo, A. D. 1815, in which the Duke of Wellington hopelessly defeated Napoleon, and saved Europe from his grasping ambition.

A young man who has recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married, as he did to buy the furniture.

### Cholera among the Indians.

In a conversation we had yesterday with Major H. Picot, of the American Fur Co., who came down a few days since on the steamer St. Ange, we were given a detailed and full account of the prevalence of cholera among the Indians in the past 2 years.

About Fort Pierre, in the year 1850, the first case of cholera occurred on the Fourth of July. Other cases followed this, and the disease spread until some three or four hundred Missouri Sioux Indians had fallen victims to it.

The ravages of sickness were not confined to the Indians, it would appear. The cholera communicated to the cattle, and Major Picot states that from his own knowledge, some fifty head of cattle died of sickness for which he cannot account, unless it were cholera. They were seized suddenly with vomiting and purging, and in many instances, indeed in the majority, death ensued after two or six hours from the manifestation of the singular but it is nevertheless true as a fact, which occurred in 1849, when the epidemic was at its greatest height. The steamer Alexander Hamilton, bound for the Missouri River, carried on board two horses who were seized about the same time with violent purging, and died despite all the ordinary remedies that were applied, a few hours only after the first indication of illness.

When the disease was raging most violently among the Indians, a council was held after whose decision the entire nation struck camp, and separated for various quarters. A portion of them took refuge in the mountains, and the remainder journeyed towards the north. The cholera followed the party who had repaired to the mountains, and continued to commit sad ravages among them. To add still more to their misfortunes, the small pox broke out among them about the same time, and while it ran its course about five or six hundred fell victims to it. The traders did all that lay in their power to alleviate the sufferings about them. They were fortunately well provided with vaccine matter, and Major Picot supposes that no less than fifteen or twenty thousand Indians were vaccinated by them, to start from the occurrence of the first case.

The most frightful panic spread itself among the Indians on the appearance of cholera in such a malignant form. Neither interest, friendship, nor parentage, were sufficient bonds to keep them together in this time of affliction. Wives were abandoned by their husbands, parents by their children, and friends by their friends. The cholera, as also the small pox, lingered from July 1850 to July 1851, abating in winter to a considerable extent. In that time numerous children and helpless women, and old men who had been suddenly abandoned by those who had hitherto supported them, were picked up and taken care of by traders. In the present year, of the Indians who went to the North the majority are not vaccinated. It is apprehended that when they return, well appropriating to their use the guns, blankets, and clothing of the invalids by small pox, which were thrown away in the prairies, the disease will introduce itself among them.

The fact may not be without its interest that in the present year, when the party of Sioux (consisting of 1,000 families,) went to the north, they fell in with a party of Blackfeet, who were in search of the Crow Indians. The Sioux attacked them, and murdered every person in the party. Not a single one was left to bear the tale to his nation.

After the occurrence of the first few cases of small pox, these Indians who had retired to the north became particularly careful in their intercommunications with strangers.—Guards were stationed about their village whose duty it was to warn all strangers from approaching them, and further, to shoot down such as persisted in crossing the line of their campment. Major Picot adds that very many Indians of the foreign tribes as well as of the Sioux tribe itself, were murdered, for the reason that they disregarded this regulation.—[St. Louis Rep.

### Louis Napoleon—The French.

The arrival of the noble steamer Atlantic brings the important intelligence that the French Assembly have failed to pass the Government measure of a revision of the Constitution, the requisite two-thirds of that body not voting for it. This action of the Representatives of the French people, is a legal death blow to Louis Napoleon and his schemes of personal aggrandizement. Without this material modification of the fundamental law, he cannot be a candidate for reelection to the Presidency of the Republic. Whether his influence over the army is sufficient to enable him to set at naught the prohibitions of the Constitution he is sworn to obey, is as yet a matter of conjecture. It is by no means certain that he would not still receive a majority of the votes of his constituents for a few presidential terms. The great historical events in French history during the Empire, yet linger in the minds of the people, and the name of Napoleon is still potent as a trumpet call to the ears of the French people. Our own opinion is, that, despite the rebuff he has just experienced, Prince Louis will stand his ground, and ere long again the ascendancy which the vices of his present character, not less than the fatuity of his advisers, have so materially damaged. At all events, he holds in his own hands the question of peace or war for the entire Continent. The first outbreak of revolution would be but the signal for the movement of the despots of Europe, to strike hands together against the present system in France, and restore, if possible, the ancient regime of the ill-starred Orleansists, or imbecile Bourbons.

**GOOD LUCK.**—Eleven printers belonging to the *Herald* office in Cleveland, received the Temperance Pledge, at the hand of Father Mathew, during his visit. The *Herald* says: "He counselled them with parental affection, and added his warmest blessing to that of the Temperance Pledge. Each Printer was presented with a Certificate and Medal, and repeated the earnest wish of the good Father—'Long may they wear the Badge of Honor, unspotted and unstained.'"

**MISS BARNES.**—A young lady of Cincinnati, entered a closet with a lighted candle when a gust of wind shut her in, and the clothes being ignited she was burnt to death without chance of escape.

### To Destroy Under-Bush.

"What is the best time to cut under-bush, &c.?" In the June number of the Farmer the above question is proposed by "A Subscriber," to which I propose to give answer; combining both a little experience and a little theory. Having been brought up on a farm, I used to hear much said by farmers in regard to the "best time" for cutting under-bush, &c., and remember well the many uncertainties that existed, and various opinions given on the subject. Some recommended to cut them at one season, some at another. Some regarded the "moon," others the "ages," &c. I also remember that the same kind of under-bush, if cut at one season, would start again and grow luxuriantly; but, if cut at another, would be completely "used up." I have also, within the last few years, had opportunity to notice the same facts; and the conclusion to which I have arrived is, that different shrubs, or bushes, trees, &c., may be cut at different times of the year; and so on till October, or even November. The rule is this: "Cut any plant, or shrub, about the time that it has done growing for the season, and its destruction is almost certain." If cut before this time, it will generally start again the same year, and if deferred much beyond this time, it will generally start again the next year.—The exceptions are few. So much for the facts, now for the theory.

1st. In the spring of the year all roots are vigorous. Hence, if a tree or a shrub be cut at this time, or while in full growth, the root will send forth a new set of shoots.—The exceptions are—1st, Evergreen generally, as pine, hemlock, spruce, &c. 2d, Those that have a copious flow of sap in the spring, as the maple, birch, &c. Yet even some of these will start again if cut soon after the buds have opened; i. e., after the spring flow of sap has ceased; except in the case of old or large trees, in which the root appears not sufficiently vigorous, or the evaporation from the stump too rapid, to allow of the formation of new shoots.

2d. In autumn, when a shrub or tree has done growing for the season, the active energies of the root cease, being, perhaps, somewhat exhausted by its summer action. If, then, the bush or tree be cut after it has done growing, but while the stem and leaves are fresh and full of sap, the vital force of the root will rarely be sufficient to cause a new growth; but if left till the foliage is dead or dying, the energies of the root are restored by the return of the sap, and are ready for action again as soon as the season of growth shall return. Hence, too early or too late cutting will be equally unsuccessful.

Cut your under-bush, then, at the time above specified, and it will rarely start again. If it does, the growth will appear stunted or sickly, and soon die of its own accord, or a second cutting at the proper time will insure a success. The same rule applies to all other plants, as Canada thistles, milk-weeds, &c., &c., with greater or less certainty, according to the greater or less vital force, or tenacity of life, peculiar to the root of each kind of vegetable.

The "proper time" can easily be determined observing whether new leaves continue to appear at the ends of the prominent branches. When the end leaves are of full size, and a bud is seen at the end of the branch, then (or soon after) is your time to cut. If deferred long beyond this time, or till the leaves begin to turn yellow, or fall, the root will be of little use, as the root will be "strong" for a new start on the opening of a new spring. H.—[Down East, June, 1851.

**AN ANECDOTE TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.**—The best anecdote told on Jenny Lind, is said to have occurred during her tour through the Western States:

At a small town where Jenny and Barnum had stopped to rest, the latter told the folks that if they would raise him \$1,500, he would let them hear Jenny sing. The proposition was agreed to, and a large barn was procured, which comfortably held about 500 people, which at \$3 per ticket, made up the sum demanded. The audience appeared delighted and satisfied, and as Jenny was singing her last song for the night—"The Bird Song"—a tall "sorter" taken in three dollars worth, exclaimed, on Jenny repeating the words—

"I know not, I know not, why, I am singing!" "The darnation ye don't! Well, I can tell ye; ye are singing for \$1,500 a lick—\$3 a top-not all around; and there's no use of telling folks ye don't know why ye're singing. I guess dad's corn will find out!"

A violent explosion took place, and Barnum was found among the ruins of the big fiddle.

**OREGON TREES.**—We have Oregon paper of June 29th.

The emigration by water this year is large, and among the emigrants are several preachers.

Gold diggings have been discovered in Oregon, and the miners are doing well. Steamers are multiplying on all the navigable rivers.

A new saw-mill near a valuable pinery will be started in a few days, and the best of pine lumber furnished.

The annual Jano rise in the Columbia was just occurring, and that river had risen several feet.

The papers are urging the reuniting of the emigrant road across the Cascade mountains as it is blocked up by the fallen timber. A band of miners, returning to the Willamette Valley, had been attacked by a large band of Indians. The Indians were repulsed with the loss of their chief and five or six men. Gen. Lane and Gov. Gaines had both repaired to the seat of war.

Trouble is apprehended from the Snake Indians.

### Execution of Count Bocarme.

The execution of Hippolyte Viart de Bocarme, condemned for poisoning the brother of his wife with essential oil of tobacco, took place at Mons, in Belgium, on Friday, July 18th. About six in the morning, M. Godding repaired to the cell of the Count, and informed him that his appeal to the Court of Cassation had been rejected.

The first effect of this intelligence on the convict was a profound stupefaction. A moment afterwards he exclaimed—"Impossible!" His face, ordinary pale became immediately suffused with blood, and his limbs trembled violently. Presently he began to speak of the possibility of yet receiving a pardon.—The governor told him that he had little to hope from that extreme resource.

The procurer read to him the judgement of the Court of Cassation, and the rejection of his appeal, and told him the day and hour fixed for execution. This terrible announcement was received with the most painful, though to take care that the blade of the guillotine is well sharpened. I have read of executions where much suffering has followed the neglect of this precaution, and the thought of that makes me tremble.

The procurer told him he would observe his request as the last wish of a dying man. The magistrate, on leaving said: "You have now no affairs to occupy you but those of your soul." "That is the priest's affair," was the Count's response. The condemned was left alone with the Archbishop; but notwithstanding the urgent entreaties, he refused to confess.

At a late hour he betrayed a real emotion. At intervals he wept, and at last consented to hasten to the guillotine of the priest. At 4 o'clock he confessed.

From this moment the condemned manifested no signs of emotion nor fear. From time to time, however he enquired respecting the hour, and wept like a child, and sat on the knee of one of his keepers, from whom he had conceived an affection. In the evening, without any preparation, and as if suddenly struck with the thought, he exclaimed, "I will give each of you 100,000 francs if you will let me escape."

From this moment until the hour when the executioner was to prepare him for the scaffold, he sat in his cell talking with his confessor and maintaining all the coolness and resignation of manner which characterized his demeanor on the trial.

A little after six, the executioner entered the Count's cell, and the preparations did not affect the prisoner. "Are you my executioner?" "Yes, M. le Comte." "Ah! This was his last word before ascending the scaffold."

Having inhaled for a moment the scent of a bottle of toilette vinegar offered him by the Dean of St. Wandru, he embraced him and the Archbishop, kissed the crucifix for the last time, walked steadily up the steps, and placed himself on the board, to which the assistants of the executioner were waiting to fasten him with straps.

Then to one of the men, who being somewhat nervous was hurried in his manner, he said, "Not so fast, there is time enough," and an instant afterward, "Slacken this though; so much precaution is not needed."

All preparation being complete, he regarded the knife for a moment with a look of mingled curiosity and astonishment, and then laid his head on the cushion. The executioner gave the signal, a dull, heavy sound was heard, and Hippolyte Bocarme, having suffered the judgement of man, passed to the presence of his God.

### Miniatures and Jealousy.

The promenaders in the Tuilleries a few days ago were witness to a most touching scene. A little girl about five years of age, was rolling her hoop; the hoop rolled up against a gentleman sitting on a bench, and the child, going up to him to get it, looked at him involuntarily, and suddenly cried out, "Oh, if there isn't the gentleman of mama's miniature!" This exclamation of course attracted the attention of passers-by, and of a young woman who immediately came up to the child, and giving a glance at the gentleman, and fainted away. He appeared stupefied, and started from the child to her mother as if he were losing his senses, but when he saw the latter fall fainting on the ground, he caught her up, clasped her in his arms, and covered her with kisses. She soon regained her senses, and fell weeping on the gentleman's bosom. A Sergeant de Ville, coming up, led them off with the little girl, and calling a carriage, put them in; but the bystanders had already learned their history from the different exclamations.

Five years before, they were married, with every prospect of happiness before them; but the husband being young, was led away with dissipated associates, and becoming jealous of his wife treated her so unkindly that she finally left him, and took an humble lodging in a different part of the city, where she soon after gave birth to a little daughter, and since that time had supported herself and child by her needle. The husband had sought his wife in vain, and had at last come to the sad conclusion that she had put an end to her existence. This thought had such effect upon his mind as to cure him not only of his jealousy but of his vices; and he has since been living a most exemplary life—consecrating all his thoughts to the memory of his lost wife. He was in the habit of walking in the Tuilleries every afternoon; and it was thus that the chance turning aside of the little girl's hoop gave him back his wife and child. Let us hope that both parties have received a lesson which will make their future life purer and happier than their last.—[Home Journal.

**DEATH OF M. DAGUERRE.**—The death of the celebrated discoverer of the daguerrotype took place suddenly at Brie, a village near Paris, recently. He distinguished himself early as a scene painter, by the happiness of his effects in light and shade. The chapel of Glouchton, at the Ambigu, the Rising of the Sun in Des Mexicains, were applauded by the audience with enthusiastic applause. His inventive genius then created the Diorama. Every one remembers the series of enormous pictures of Cathedrals, of Alpine scenery, producing almost the effect of illusion upon the spectator, and diversified by magical changes of light, when M. Daguerre exhibited in the Regent's Park, London.—Later, he succeeded in immortalizing his name, by fixing "no images of the camera obscura," and realizing in an instant effects which leaves at an immeasurable distance the most elaborately finished engraving.